Supernatural, Gabriel/Crowley, it's not a real date until everyone else is fleeing the scene as quickly as possible, shrieking in terror

It's 5:10 AM, I wanted to do an original take on that prompt, and I had this image of Gabriel flying a TIE Fighter somewhere.

It's crack. It's unashamed crack.

The one wherein Gabriel is an unashamed fanboy.

"You must truly hate *and* underestimate me, Gabriel." Crowley says, voice full of venom. "If you honestly think you're going to convince me that boat of a craft is a good fighter and still get some tonight."

Gabriel pauses in putting on down his drink and sighs, snapping his fingers. Crowley's Z-95 Headhunter model flickers, and is replaced by his usual A-Wing model.

"Happy now?"

"Much." Crowley set it down, returning to his steak. "Care to explain why you're so attached to that Interceptor?"

Gabriel ran a finger down the side of his model and grinned. "I find the bad guys to be sexy, Crowley. Notice the sleek lines, the sharp edges - why, I thought you'd appreciate her even more than I do."

"I would," Crowley said, slowly, "If you would let me have anything other than Alliance craft on these little dates."

"What, you don't like your A-Wing? It's faster than mine!" Gabriel waggled his eyebrows. "Just like you, darling."

"Why do I put up with you." Crowley said flatly.

"Because I have the best Star Wars swag and you know it." Gabriel hedged, beaming.

"That may be true," Crowley said, rolling his eyes. "But that's not why we're seeing each other."

"Is it the sex? It must be the sex!" Gabriel tried next, and Crowley sighed.

"You are lucky that your mouth is talented," Crowley told him. "Now. Can we put these away and get back to the meal?"

Gabriel made a face and snapped, and the models disappeared.

He picked up his fork and pointed it at Crowley. "You," He stabbed the air to punctuate his words, "Are a terrible fan!"

"I," Crowley said, pointing back with his fork. (Which Gabriel immediately snapped into a tiny lightsaber.) "Am a dignified fan. Now put my silverware back to rights. *And* yours."

Gabriel pouted, and did so. For a few moments there was the sweet sounds of a normal dinner being eaten, and the clank of silverware, and then -

Crowley closed his eyes. "You didn't."

"I did! Besides, it's more fun this way!" Gabriel was grinning, and a troop of Stormtroopers trooped their way to their table.

"We are never eating a dinner in public again." Crowley said.

Gabriel beamed, and Crowley had that distinct feeling he got before Gabriel ruined his reputation in yet another country.

"Welll, Crowley, it *is* your birthday today."

Crowley dropped his fork.

The Stormtroopers burst into song.

Then Crowley regained his wits and they burst into flame.

Seventy screaming patrons and one restaurant in flames later, Crowley was gone.

Gabriel stood up, brushed the ash off his arms, and shrugged at the carnage. "He'll forgive me later," He told one burnt out shell of a Stormtrooper. "I *do* have the best swag and he knows it."

And, whistling a certain theme tune, he sauntered out the front door.